## A Woman Intervenes.

BY ROBERT BARR,

Author of "The Face and the Mask," "In

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CHAPTER XV. Jennie Brewster stood with her back to the door, a sweet smile on her face. "This is my day for acting, Miss Long-worth. I think I old the role of house-maid so well that it deceived several mem-hers of this family. I am now giving an imitation of yourself in your thilling grams, 'All at Sen.' Don't you think I do it most adouted his?"

"Yes." said Edith, sitting down again.
"I wonder you did not adopt the stage as a profession."
"I have often thought of doing so, but

"I have often thought of coming so, but journalism is more exciting,"
"Perhaps. Still, it has its disappoint-ments. When I gave my thrilling orama, as you call it, on suppoard, I had my stage necessaries arranged to better advantage

than you have now."
"Do you mean the putting off of the boat?"
"No: I mean that the electric botton
was under my hund—it was impossible
for you to ring for help. Now, while you
hold the door, you cannot stop me from
ringing, for the hell rope is here beside me." "Yes, that is a disadvantage, I admit.
o you intend to ring, then, and have me

"I don't think that will be necessary. I

"You are a pretty elever girl, Miss Long-worth. I wish I liked you, but I don't, so we won't waste valuable time deploring that fact. Have you no curiosity to bear what I was going to tell you?"

"Not the slightest; but there is one thing. Tabould the ablence."

I should like to know."
"Oh, is there? Well, that shoman, at any "Oh, is there? Well, that shoman, at any rate. What do you wish to know?"
"You came here well-recommended. How did you know I wanted a housemaid, and were your testimonials—"Edith paused for a word, which Jennie promptly sup-

"Forged" Oh, dearno. There is no necessity for doing anything criminal in this country, if you have the money. I didn't forge them. I bought them. Didn't you write to any of the good ladies who stood sponsor for me."
"Yes, and received most flattering ac-

counts of pon."
"Certainly. That was part of the contract. Oh, you can do anything with money in Louden; it is a most delightful town. Then, as for knowing there is a vacancy, that also was money. I bribed the other house-

note Brewster laughed - the same silvery

Switcher -

laugh that had charmed William an hour

or two before—a laugh that sometimes haunted Wentworth's memory in the city. Bhe left her sentinel-like position at the

Bue left her sentinel-like position at the door, and threw herself into a chair. "Miss Longworth," she said, "you are not consistent. You first pretend that you

have no coriosity to hear what I have to say,

have no curlestly to hear what I have to say, then you ask me exactly what I was going to tell you. Of course, you are dying to know why I am here you wouldn't be a woman if you weren't. Now, I've chang-ed my mind, and I don't intend to tell you.

I will say, though, that my object in coming here, was, first, to find out for largelf how servants are treated in this country. Tou see his sympathies are all with the women who work, and not with the women—well, like rourself, for instance."

"Yes. I think you said that once before. And how do we trent our servants?"

"So far as my experience goes, very well indeed."

"It is most gratifying to hear you say its. I was afraid we might not have set your approval. And now, where half I send you your month's money, Miss

chair, her eyes all but closed, an angry

that, her eyes all but closed, an angry light shooting from them that reminded Edith of her glance of hatred on board the steamship. A rich, warm glow of color overspread her fair face, and her lips closed tightly. There was a moment's silence between them, and then Jennie's

indignation passed away as quickly as it came. She laughed, with just a touch of restraint in her tone.

"You can say an insulting thing more calmly and sweetly than any one I ever met before; I envy you that. When I say anything low down and mean, I say it

in anger, and my voice has a certain amount of actidity in it. I can't purr like a cat and scratch at the same time—I wish I could."

"Is it an insult to offer you the money has been expected."

you have earned?"
"Yes, it is, and you knew it was when

"Is it necessary that I should?"
"Is it necessary that I should?"
"I don't suppose you think it is," said
femile, meditatively, resting her elbow on

her knee, and her chin on her palm, "That is where our point of view differs. I like to know everything. It interests me to learn what people think and talk about.

and somehow it doesn't seem to matter to me who the people are, for I was even more interested in your buller's political opinion than I was in Lord Frederick Bingham's. They are both Conservatives, but Lord Freddie seems shaky in his views, for you can argue him down in five minutes, but the butter is as stoodfast as a rock I do

the butter is as ateadfast as a rock. I do admire that butter. I hope you will break the news of my departure gently to him, for he proposed to me, and he has not yet had he as not yet

You don't understand me a

Jennie Brewster Stood With Her Back to the Door.

se, so as to get it over before any

real harm's done, and to give an artistic finish to the episode. After that you can be real good friends, and have a jolly time. That's what I did with Lord Freddie. We

That's what I did with Lord Freddic. We all went up the river one day—two young men friends of Freddic's and two nice girls, a chaperon, and myself. Would you believe that those two girls proposed to

leaves that those two girls proposed to low us up atream, and the young men ac-tually allowed them to dose. I was steering, and it made me so angry I couldn't speak. Freshdie seemed to feel that it was necessary to keep up a conversation, but when I didn't reply to him, he calmly lit his pipe

and began to smoke. The other two re-clined with their hats over their eyes and, I think, went to sleep. Meantime the two nice girls tradged along the bank together, pulling the rope. I would have sunk the boat if I could, but I didn't know how.

well, when we got to the place where we were to have len, the young men said it was jotly nice of the girls to tow them so far; then they went and sprawled under some trees, leaving the complacent girls to get tea ready. I couldn't stand it any longer. I went up to the three sprawlers under the trees and hidding them good less. I

twen up to the three sprawers under the tree, and, bidding them good-bye, I smarted down the towpath. Lord Freddie sprang up and came running after me, asking where I was going. I told him I was going to waik back to London. He laughed and said I couldn't; It was fifty miles away. But when he saw I

was in carnest, he became anxious to know what the matter was.
"I told him I thought I had come out with three gentlemen, but, finding I was mistaken, I was going back. He got very

red, and then I just gave him my opinion

of him and his friends, coming out with three girls and paying no more attention to them than if they were three dollar That settled things. Freddie apologized, and he said he would go back and shake

and he said be would go back and shake the brutes up a bit, which. I suppose, he did, for the brutes were as nice as could be to us after that. When Freddle and I were towing the boat back, he proposed, and I laughed at him. After a while he began to laugh, too, and so we had a spicadid time. What a lovely little river the Thames is, isn't it? A nice, clean, little pocket river. I would like to buy it, and put it in our back yard in America, just to sit and look at it. Now, here am I, chattering away as if I were paid for talking ristend of writing. Why do you look at me so? Don't you believe what I tell you?"

"Yes, I believe all you say. What I can't understand is, why a bright girl like you should enter a house and—well—do what you have done here, for instance."

"Why shouldn't I? "I am after ac-

why shouldn't it am after ac-curate information. I get it in my own way. Your writers here tell how the poor live, and that sort of thing. They enter the houses of the poor quite unblush-ingly, and print their impressions of the

in spite of herself. "Shall I ring for

"Please do not. I want to avoid a painful scene, because he is so sure of himself and never dreams of a refusal. It is such a pity, too, for the butler is my ideal of what a member of the aristocracy should be. His dignity is something awe inspiring, while Lord Freidie is such a simple, good-natured, every-day young fellow, that if I imported him to the States I am sure no one would believe he was a real lord. With the butler it would be so different," added Jennie, with a deep sigh.

sigh.
"It is too bad that you cannot exchange
the declaration of the butler for one from
Lord Frederick."

"Too bad!" cried Jennie, looking with "Why, bless you, I had a proposal from Lord Freddie two weeks before I ever Lord Freddie two weeks before I ever saw the butler. I see you don't believe a word I say. Well, you sak Lord Freddie, I'll introduce you and tell him you don't believe he asked me to be Lady Freddie, if that's the title. He'll book sheepish, but he won't deny it. You see, when I found I was going to say in England for a time, I wrote to the editor of the Argus to get me a bunch of letters of introduction and send them over, as I wanted particularly to study the aristocracy. So he senf them, and, I assure you, I found it much more difficult to get into your servants' hall than I did into the halls of the nobility; besides, it coats less to mix with the Upper sides, it costs less to mix with the Upper

Edith sat in silence, looking with amazed interest at the young woman, who talked so rapidly that there was sometimes a dif-ficulty in following what she said.

"No, Lord Freddie, was not half so conde-scending as the butler, neither was his lan-guage so well chosen; but then, I suppose, the butler's had more practice, for Freddie the butter's had more practice, for Freddle is very young. I am exceedingly disappointed with the aristocracy. They are not nearly so haughty as I had imagined them to be. But what astonishes me in this country is the way you women spoil the men. You are much too good to them. You pet them and fawn on them, and naturally they get conceited, it is such a pity, too, for they are nice fellows, most of them. It is the same everywhere I've been-servants' hall and all. Why, when you meet a young couple, of what you are pleased to call the lower classes, walking in the park, the man hangs down his are preased to call the lower classes, walk-ing in the park, the man hangs down his head as he slouches along but the girl looks definally at you, as much to say, 'I've got him. Bless him! What have you to say about 412' while the man seems to be ashamed of himself, and evidently feels that he's been had. Now, a man should be

made to understand that you're doing him a great favor when you give him a civil word. That's the preper state of mind to keep a man in, and then you can do what you like with him. I generally make him And what object had you in all

Edith hesitated a moment, and at last

CHAPTER XVI.

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Edith Long worth was astonished at herself for giving the address to the young woman, but she gave it, and the Lady Slavey departed in peace, saying by way of farewell. "I'm not going to write up your household, after all."

When the new others of the Canadian Mica Mining Company, Limited, were completed, Kenyon took charge of them. He was somewhat overpowered by their grandeur, and he thought that unnecessary expense had been incurred in the littings, but as they were now in for it, he sald nothing, although a shiver of fear ran over

nothing, although a shiver of fear ran eyer him when he thought of the possible failure of his scheme, leaving the rapidly accumulating debt hanging over him. He occupied a desk in one of the back rooms, while a clerk in the front office gave away pres-

asked for.

Longworth was seidom at the new of-

had reported so unfavorably about the

uniteral, thus showing that anything could be accomplished if you took your time over it. A Mr. King, also connected with the china works, had promised his as-

The first meeting of proposed shareholders was set for Momay atternoon, and Longworth expressed his belief that the form-

ing of the company would be accomplished before the week was out. One day when Kenyon entered the office the clerk said to him: "That young gentleman has been here twice to see you. He said it was very im-portant, sir."
"What young gentleman?"
"The contemporary here, is the condense.

answered: "Yes, I do

I can see."
"I am glad you think so," replied the young gentleman, folding up the proof and putting it in his inside pocket. "Now, as I said oefore, although I am not the advertising canvasser of the Financial Field, I thought I would see you with reference to an advertisement for the paper."
"Well, you see, we have not had a meeting of the proposed stockholders yet, and we are not in a position to see, we have

we are not in a position to give any adver-tisements about the mine. I have no doubt advertisements will be given, and, of course, your paper will be remembered among the

"Ah," said the young man, "that is hardly satisfactory to us. We have a vacant half page for Monday—the very best position in the paper—which the proprietor thought you would like to secure."

"As I said a moment ago, we are not in a osition to secure it. It is premature to alk of advertising at the present state of

"I think, you know, it will be to ye "I think, you know, it will be to your in-terest to take the half page. The price in £300, and besides that amount we should like to have some shares in the company." "Do you mean £300 for one insertion of the advertisement?"

"Yes, that is what I mean."
"Doesn't that strike you as being a trifle



not ask us anything like that price even in the large dailies."

"Ah, my dear sir, the large dailies are quite different. They have a tremendous circulation, it is true, but it is not the kind of circulation we have. No other paper

the rich man be exempt from a similar in-vestigation?"
"In either case it is the work of a spy."
"Yes, but a spy is not a dishonomble person; at least, he need not be. I saw a monument in Westminster Abbey to a

man who was hanged as a spy. A spy must be brave; he must have nerve, caution, and resource. He sometimes does more for his country than a whole regiment. Oh, there are worse persons than spies in this world."

circulates so largely among investors as the Pinancial Picid. It is read by exactly the class of peopla you desire to reach, and I may say that, except through the Field, you cannot get at some of the best men in the city."

"Well, admitting all that, as I have said once or twice, we are not yet in a position to give an advertisement."

"Then I am very sorry to say that we cannot on Monday publish the article I have shown you."

"Very well, I cannot help it. You are not compelled to print it unless you wish. I am not sure, either, that publishing the article on Monday would do us any good. It would be premature, as I say. We are not yet ready to court publicity until we have land our first meeting of proposed stockholders."

"When is rear first meeting of proposed stockholders." spies in this world."
"I suppose there are, still—"
"Yes, I know. It is easy for persons with pienty of money to moralize on the short-comings of others. I'll tell you a scere I'm writing a book, and if it's a success, then good-by to journalism. I don't like the spy business myself any too well; I'm afraid

business myser any too well, I in arrang England is contaminating me, and it I sia yed here a few years I might degenerate so far as to think your newspapers interesting. By the way, do you know Mr. Wentworth's address?" holders."
"When is your first meeting of stock-

answered: "Yes, I do."
"Will you give it to me? I think I ought
to write him a note of apology for all the
anxiety. I caused him on board ship. You
may not believe it, but I have actually had
some twinges of conscience over that
episode. I suppose that's why I partially
forgive you for stopping the cablegram."

"When is your first meeting of stock-holders?"
"On Monday at 3 o'cleck."
"Very well, we could put that announcement in another colonn, and I am sure you would find the attendance at your meeting would be very largely and substantially increased."
"Possibly, but I decline to do anything till after the meeting."
"I think you would find it would pay you extremely well to take that hair page."
"I am merely saying what! have said to every one clac, that we are not ready to consider advertisements."

advertisements."
"I am sorry we cannot come to an arrangement, Mr. Kenyon, very sorry, indeed," and saying this he took another proof sheet out of his pecket, which he handed to Kenyon. "If we cannot come to an understanding, the manager has determined to print this, instead or the article I showed you. Would you kindly eighter over it, because Would you kindly giance over it, because we should like to have it as correct as

possible."

Kenyon opened his eyes and unfolded the paper. The heading was the same, but he had read only a semence or two when he found that the Mica Mine was one of the

greatest swindles ever attempted on poor old innocent financial Lendon!

"Do you mean to say," cried John, looking up at him with his anger kinding, "that if I do not bathe you to the extent of £300, besides giving you an unknown quantity of stock, you will publish this libel?"

libel?"
"I do not say it is a libel," said the young man, smoothly; "that would be a matter for the courts to decide. You might sae us for libel if you thought we had treated you badly. I may say that has been tried several times, but with indifferent

clerk in the front office gave away pros-pectuses to all who called, and turnished useful knowledge to an inquiring public. Most of Kenyon's callers were newspaper canvassers who wanted advertisements, which John at that moment was unable to supply. An oily young man, whose cast of countenance indicated that he belonged to a strewd, thrifty, and money-making race, said be was commissioned by the Financial Field to get particulars about the nine, and this information Kenyon readily sup-plied, feeling glad that no advertisement was asked for. But do you mean to tell me that you infrees. He was busy seeing acquaintances who would take stock in the mining company. He constantly cautioned his partners against being in too much of a hurry, and he amazed Weutworth by informing him that he had overcome the objections and secured the co-operation of Melville, who had reported so unfavorably about the

"Hut do you mean to tell me that you intend to publish this article if I do not pay you the 2300?"
"Yes, putting it crudely, that is exactly what I do mean."

Kenyon rose in his wrath and flung open the door.
"I must ask you to leave this place, and leave it at fonce. If you ever put in an appearance here again while I am in the office, I will call a policeman and have you arrested."
"My dear, sir," expostulated the other, suavely, "it is merely a matter of business. If you find it impossible to deal with us, there is no harm done. If our paper has no influence, we cannot possibly injure you. That, of course, is entirely for you to judge. If any time between now and Sunday night you conclude to act otherwise, a wire to our ofto act otherwise, a wire to our of will hold things over until we have

worth expressed his belief that the forming of the company would be accomplished before the week was out.

One day when Kenyon entered the office the clerk said to him:

"That young gentleman has been here twice to see you. He said it was very important, sir."

"What young gentleman?"

"The gentleman—here is his card—who belongs to the Financial Field, sir."

"Bid he leave any message?"

"Yes, sir, he said ke would call again at 3 o'clock."

"Yes, sir, he said ke would call again at 3 o'clock."

"Very good," said Kenyon, and he be gan compiling the address to the proposed subscribers.

At 3 o'clock the smooth, only gentleman from the Financial Field put in an appearance.

"Ah, Mr. Kenyon," he said. "I am glad to meet you. I called in twice, but had not the good fortune to find you in. Can'l see you in private for a moment?"

"Certainly," answered Kenyon. "Come into the directors' roott, and into the directors' root them. Can'l see you in private for a moment?"

"Now," said the representative of the Financial Field. "I have brought you a proof of the editorial which we propose using, and which I am desired by the proprietor to show you, so that it may be free, if possible, from any error. We are very anxious to have things correct in the Financial Field, and with this he handed to John a long slip of white paper with a column of printed matter upon it.

The article was headed, "The Canadian Mra Mining Company, Limited." It went on to show what the mine had been, what it had done, and what chances there were for investors getting a good return for their for investors getting a good return for their for investors getting a good return for the financial Field, and with this he handed for the contraint of the financial Field, and with this penalty of the financial Field, and with this penalty of the financial Field, and with this he handed for the contraint of the financial Field, and with this he handed for the financial Fi tempt would doubtless be frustrated so long as there were papers of the integrity of the Financial Field that took the risk

and expense of making such an exposure as was here set forth.

The article possessed a singular fascination for Kenyon. He read and re-read it in a dared way as if the statement referred to some other person, and he couldn't help feeding sorry for that person.

He still had the naper in his hord as he

He still had the paper in his hand as he walked up the street, and he felt numbed and dazed as it some one had struck birn a blow. He was nearly run over in crossing one of the thoroughfares, and heard an outburst of profamity directed at him from

outburst of profaulty directed at him from a cab driver and a man on a bus; but he heeded them not, walking through the crowd like one under a spell.

He passed the door of his own gargeous office and walked a considerable distance up the street before he realized what he had done. Then he turned back again, and, just at the doorstep, paused with a pang at his heart:

"I wonder if Edith Longworth will read that article," he said to himself.

that article," he said to himself. (To be continued.)

It is characteristic of the perversity of human intelligence to find the most amus-ing things in the midst of the most serious froundstances—such as railroad accidents, for instance. It is related that a solemnfaced Yankee woman was once riding on the train from Brookfield to Stamford. The solemn-faced lady crawled from be

legged man who was near:
"Is this Stamford?" "No, ma'am," the man gasped; this is a catastrophe."
"Oh, dear," she answered, "then I hadn't oughter gut off here, had I?"
This anecdete is much like a still older one, which, in its original and proper form, came from Scotland. An old Scotland woman was taking her first journey, to the very next station, on a railroad train

neath the wreckage and asked of a broken-

on the way a switch was left open and the train went into the ditch with a crash.

As soon as the old woman could regain her senses and her tongue she called out to the guard, who happened to be on the same

"And do they are whummle us not like that?"—Youth's Companion.

Women in England.

The British Royal College of Physicians had a lively debate over the proposition to admit women to the examinations and diplomais of the college, and then rejected it by a vote of 55 to 50. Some of the arguments for the "opening wedge" were ingenious. Sir Benjamin Richardson, for instance, contending that when the college was founded no woman had ruled over England, but since then the nation had had four queens. And if a woman could be a queen, why could she not be a physician? Dr. Payne said that the women examined for degrees at the University of London ranked as high as the men, and Sir William Basadbentreminded the committee flat since women were bound to become doctors regardless of opposition it would be better for the public that they should come under the jürisdiction of the College of Physicians.

Dukes were first created to England in the reign of Edward III. In the reign of Elizabeth the race was temporarily extinguished, she having beheaded the only one, the Duke of Norfolk. James I, however, restored the ducal rank by creating Dukes of Richmond and Buckingham. The former honor soon expired, and was not renewed

## hanksgiving For Two.

The Widow Wilson's fartu had seen better and more presperous days, and now was traveling backward. It began at the top of Brindle Hill, where it was bounded by the county road, and struggled down to the more. "And why can't you stay Jenn" lake shore, its hundred acres or so wander-ing over hills or dipping into hollows,

BY FREDERICK A. OBER.

intil they terminated at the bay, with its rim of white and glistening sand.

One of the most picturesque spots of earth, and right in the center of it, crowning a rounded knoll, surrounded with statcow give milk-andwart oaks and butternuts, squatted the

It was always a difficult spot to reach in winter, when the drifting shows piled high their white billows against the low-caved structure and fud the windows from the world. But in summer it was a delight, this moss-brown dweiling beneath the oaks, and at one time had been a home around whose hearthstone had gathered sons and daughters. Now it was associate. The passing stranger would have but added it to the categroy of

descript farms. No sign of life was visible this bright Thanksgiving morning; from its was, panear canning no curl of smoke invaded the crisp and frosty air; the light fall of snow that had covered the ground the night before showed no trace of footthe hight before showed no trace of foot-step leading from the weather-beaten door. And yet there was a str of life in the farm-yard, in the bollow among the trees, where the old harn tottered, ready for its fall. There a flock of fowl and turkeys wandered disconsolately about. In the adjacent stall an old tome stamped im-patiently for his breakfast, and a forform patiently for his breakfast, and a forform cow chafed restlessly at her stanchions. Except for these, the old farm was as silent as when its first owner curved it from the virgin wilderness. A rustling in the shrubbery that fringed the tall, stiff-rank-ed pines on the hill, beyond the barn, told that a visitor was coming to Lonely Farm. A naman head appeared in sight. It was A manan head appeared in sight. It was crowned by a women cap, from beneaut which peered a pair of black, bright eyes. Their owner took off the cap and mopped his brow. He was a rugged country ha of eighteen, well knit and startly, with a pair of ruddy checks, whate teeth and lips rosy, New England, always hard to her chil dren, had taken from this boy the bottle and mother that make Thanksgiving, even as it had taken from the widow all but the wretched framework of what had once been home.

"House looks like mother's used to after she got so she couldn't get about," solilo-quized the boy, staring at the amokeless while I'm a-bettin', that she needs some-body. Guess I'll find out what's the mat-

He strode down to the bruse and knocked. There was no response. Only the crow in the oak tree was disturbed by the unworted noise and flew away, with a caw of alarm. A second knock startled the fowl in the barnyard, who greeted him with a suppressed enockle, but there was no answer from within. "Guess I night's well go in." He pushed open the crazy door and eatered the room which served as kitchen and sitting-room all in one. A table stood in the center of it, covered with a about yeloth and set as if for supper. A tall clock ticked in the corner under the stairs, but its rhythmic beats only seemed to make the stience audible. "It seemed to make the silence audible

seems to make the stence autonoc. Its seems kinder creepy, that's a fact. Hope there ain't nothin' happened to her. Won-der where she is? P'rans she's astern." He rapped loudly and then put his ear down to the key hole, listening intently. At first there was no response. Then he

At first there was no response. Then he thought be heard a faint, quavering voice. "It's me—Jem Hastings. "I'e come to see if you need anybody." "Come in." The feeble voice struggled with a cough, then: "Yes, I'm so glad you've come. I was taken faint yesterday and had just strength enough to crawito bed. Perhans". to bed. Perhaps"-"What, an' you ain't had nethin' to

"No." with a feeble smile. "Well, if you'll let me try, I'll make a

Jem closed the door, set his gun in a corner and booked around for the place in which the widow kept her stores. The dressers ranged against the wall were bright with old-fashioned pewter platters a chiea. Here we are a caddy of tea

and then set about making a fire. A huge fireplace yawned at one side of the room, bung with black from crane from which was suspended a tea-kettle. The woodpile was outside, near the back door, and brushing of the snow. Jem soon had some dry wood with which he made a roaring blaze. It was not long before he had the satisfaction of seeing the kettle send forth a volume of steam, and a few minutes later he tapped again at the bedroom door with a tray, on it a tempting cup of tea and two well-buttered slices of bread. The bread had been intended for his luncheon, the gift of the farmer's wife who paid for hisservices in "keep" - New England

paid for hisservices in "keep"—New England wages.

Wrapped in a shawl of Canton silk, the heritoom of a grandmother whose father once sailed from Salem to the Indies, the widow sank back into her conflortable armchair with a deep sigh of content. She closed her eyes from sheer weakness, while Jem tip-toed about the room, "setting things to rights," and preparing the table for a prespective meal. To be sure, there was very little in sight, but he had faith that there might be something in the cellar and in the cupboards, for the widow was known in the township to have been a "good pervider" in her days of affluence.

a "good pervider" in her days of affluence.
Through the narrow-paned southern window an advance guard of the outside sunbeams came streaming in, one of them lighting the gray hair of the woman with a silvery halo. Jem thought he had never seen a woman who appeared so "lady-like." and how young she looked. He paused a moment to regard her, and she opened her eyes. He retreated in con-fusion a step or two, the red blushes stain-ing his houest, open face. "You've made me very happy. Jem;

very thankful." "Well, ma'am, I'm glad of it. It's

"What! Really Thanksgiving Day? It's the first time I've forgotten it—ever. I must be growing old." Jem grew bolder.

"There's a turkey out in the barn-yard. He ain't very fat, but if you say so I'll help you fix a turkey dinner."

The widow urged no objections, and both fascinated at the prospect of a Thanksgiv-ing dinner with themselves as host and hostess, the boy trudged out to the barn. Some sticks of hard wood were soon piled on the fire, and by the time Sir Turkey was ready for the oven the widow had pecied the vegetables and dropped them into the mysterious depths of the steaming kettles, Jem looking on with glowing but bashful

Jem looking on with glowing but hashful appreciation.

A snowy cloth over a round table, with two scats opposite each other, is always an inspiriting sight, and when topped by a steaming brown turkey, with all the "fixings" of a turkey dinner, the feast is one to melt hearts harder than that of the lonely widow and the homesick New England lad.

"It is the hamplest Thankstiving dinner."

quince preserves.
"May God bless you. And to think how
the dreadful, gloomy morning has been
turned to such bright sunshine by your

gray eyes, born of a thought that had been struggling for expression for an boar or more. "And why can'tyou stay, Jenn?" "I could, ma'am, if I could come as—as

partners!"

It was out at last, the boy's yearning for something as his own and the chance he saw upon the widow's farm. "I could fix things up." he went on, eagerly, "and make the chickens lay eggs and the

cow give milk—and—"
Jen stopped, but the widow's respectful attention led him on.
"I could earn my board in saving things
that's going to waste. When I came
through your wood for this morning I
noticed cords an' cords of dead trees
that ought to be cut an hade firewood
of. An' as for timber, there's more'n
a hundred dollars' with there that'll all
be spiled if it ain't cut an' sold pretty
soon."

The boy hesitated, amazed at his audacity; but the widow nodded her head and smiled approval. "That is true, Jem. The farm is running down for the lack of some one to oversee out-of-doors. So, then, it is a bargain."

And so this strange partnership began. The first winter Jem spent in thinning out the superfluous wood in the neglected lots, stacking up behind the longe enough fuel

the superrisons whom in the neglected role, stacking up behind the home enough fuel to satisfy even the cravings of that yawning fire-pince for years to come, and selling to the sawnill on the pand timber for shipping that came to quite \$500.

As the apring opened he was scon afield, continuing the good work of improvement, and "planting time" found the farm with more and cartier labor performed than it had ever before experienced. In front of the western door he threw out a platform, protected by a lattice-work covering, and here the widow passed all the spare time she could snatch from her indoor daties. It had never occurred to any one before that farm work might be made attractive. The farm work might be made attractive. The farm work might be made attractive. The widow had only looked upon the beauties of her farm around her through the kitchen window, or during a hasty trip to the well or farm-yard. The latticed porch was a revelation to her, and a haven of rest where she sat and mused during the long twilight

of summer.
"I never thought I should take such comfort here," she said. "Before you came I was more than willing to give up the farm and go away. But how, Jem, I want to five here the rest of my life. I would not leave it for the world."
"That's so, ma'am. It would have been a great misrake to leave the old place. Why, there ain't a prettier view in all the world than this from your front door. If there is, then it is right there, down

If there is, then it is right there, down in the woods where the great trees meet overhead, the brook sings a soft song of rest and the fern-covered banks stretch down to the pond. I never travelled any yet, but I don't want to; this suits me." And he returned to his work with a cheery

And he returned to his work with a cheery whistle that sent a thrill of satisfaction through the widow's heart.

A wonderful change had been effected by the time another year had rolled another Thanksgiving into the calendar. The roof of the old house no longer leaked, the barn had been raised from the attitude of deep delection, and its leaked; the barn had been raised from its attitude of deep dejection, and its mows were errowded to bursting with hay and grain. The old horse spent his days chiefly in the pasture, while a younger and more vigorous animal did the work, assisted by a voke of hig and handsome oxen. The solitary cow how had plenty of company and frisky calves gamboled about her in the summer time. There was no longer any doubt as to the availability of any or the fat gobblers for a Thankagiving dinner.

Thus the seasons succeeded one another with their measure of content. Each found the widow more and more dependent upon her stalwart helper. She ching to him as she might have ching to the son of whom site had been deprived in the

of whom she had been deprived in the springitime of her wifehood. As her tottering footsteps were supported down the asks of the village church, on a Sunday, few of the congregation knew that the handsome young man who watched over the total control of the village church, on a Sunday, few of the congregation knew that the handsome young man who watched over the total control of the village church her total control of the village church to the total control of the village church to the total control of the village church to own son. Those who were cognizant of own son. Those was were constituted the relations between the two shook their heads knowingly, saying to themselves and to each other: "Lucky boy, that; stepped right into the farm, just as the old lady was about to leave it. He knows the side of his bread that has butter on it."

But it is doubtful if Jem had ever given that a thought. So happy and content was he that the merely material conditions of his life had never troubled conditions of his life had never troubed his consciousness. Only one thing troubled his thoughts of late. He was deeply stirred by the soft brown eyes of pretty Susie Jones, a chorister in the church; Susie, who lived as he had done, with friends for board and keep, an-other of New England's orphans.

other of New England's orphans.

He never mentioned this daring speculation, not even to the widow; but her eyes, though growing dim, were acute enough to penetrate his honest soul. His whole life lay centered in the farm, which had before as essential to it almost as the air he breathed. But now there must be young life there. A pair of brown eyes persisted in dancing beof brown eyes persisted in dancing be-fore his face, in woodpile, in field, in garden.

And so it came to pass that there was a

wedding next Thanksgiving in ti wedding next Tranksgiving in the little cottage, now pretty with vines and cheery within. Suste was glid of so pleasant a place for the troth which she was to plight with Jem, while he hicky fellow though he was, could not take time to travel to Susie's home, far away over the rough hilly roads. "A wife's a good thing," he soliloquized to the widow the evening before his marriage, "but there's cows to be looked after and hens to be fed-more'n you could 'tend to alone." could 'tend to alone."

could 'tend to alone."
"That's so, Jem." said the widow, smiling brightly, "and thanks to you for it all."
Ender branches of autumn leaves from the last redding trees, Jem and Suste promised all things of the simple marriage service. Then came the country wedding sup

per.

When the last guest had gone, driven away in the farm wagons that had clustered around the door all afternoon, the widow turned to Jem and Suste, sitting hashfully in the firelight.

"You're my children, now, both of you," she said. "Call me mother just once, Jem and Suste."
"Mother?" cried Jem, taking the feeble hands together and kissing them tenderly. "my darling mother, dearest friend I ever bad."

She returned his loving glance, linger-ingly, gratefully, as they led her to the door of her room.

Next morning Jem knocked again at the widow Wilson's door just as he had done on that looely Thanksgiving Day four years

on that lonely Thanksgiving Day four years ago. This time not even a feeble voice answered his repeated calls.

Three days later, as the neighbors struggled back from the little cometery on the hill. 'Squire Lothrop drew Jem apart.

"I s'pose you know the widder's left the farm to you? Ko? Sho! It's mighty strange she didn't tell you. She made her will more a a rear ago, and you're her only heir. She seemed to set a lot by you, the widder did, and dooking around approvingly over the snow covered fields) approvingly over the snow-covered fields) I d'no's I blame her. The last four years hev been the peacefuliest of her life, and she's left her peace with you, for sure!"

Signing Death Warrants.

It is an erroneous notion very prevalent that death warrants are signed by Queen Victoria herself. When the Judge passes sentence of death upon a prismer, before leaving the room he writes on the calendar against the name of the doomed individual, "Let execution be done;" and the execution takes pince on the day named, unless a respite is granted.

## The House-Warming.

Neill Fergusson's new house was all aglow. The friends and neighbors in that Scotch-Canadian settlement had gathered there to cerebrate both Halloween and his house-warming. It was a chilly night and the moon, drirting along the mackerel sky, emerged to cast grolesque shadows between the fall cines and maples or to light up the

the fall class and maples or to light up the stumpy fields, their black loam powdered with the enriest snow.

Within the cheery kitcher the big logs blazed, almost eclipsing the lamps on the long dining table, where roast grees shome glessey and brown amid piles of snowy potatoes and yellow turnips. Dishes of haggis heal the place of honor, flanked by platter of stone and outcake, dear to the Spanish painte.

"Ye mann gie us such a spread as your mither wad have done in Scotland. Jeans iass," Nell had said to his chiest daughter, "an" you'll no forgot the ring in the cake," Tonight there was an unusual look of ten erness in his face as he watched his three frong bonnie girls flitting back and forth in their final preparations. It was only that morning that James Braidfoot had come over to see the new plow and had spokes to him of Jeanie. He admired the defit housekeeper and coveted her as his wife. "Ye mann ask her the night," said the

"Ye mann ask her the mgnt, sand use elder man, half regretfully. "I dinna think she'll tell you gay. But, man, it comes o'er hard to gie her up. She's been like mither to the hasses and the weans since the wife died four years syne."

"I ken she'll make a guid wife," returned James. "an' she will surely line me. As ames, "an' she will surely tae me. Ac ody says that I'm an unco guid provider

"Weel, Jeanie's worth it a' an' I know full weel she might do want. She's ne'er been great for the leds, though ance I tho't she was o'er fond of Hughie McLane of the

will she was o'crioid of highe McLane of the brig Dundee. Puir laddie, he went down wi' the ship in the storm o' '92."

When supper was finished the tables were cleared and the business of the evening be-gan. The older folk looked placidly on, the wives knitting with nimble fingers, the men smoking mild pipes, both discussing at in-tervals the questions of moment in the farm life—the care of the fowls, the last plowing match, or themerits of the different students who had preached for calls in the new church

near by.

The young folk had weightier matters on hand. Wasn't this the night when the apirits would reveal whether Sandle was insarmest or if Bell were willing to be wood! All tried to appear inconcerned, but shy, stolen glances and almost involuntary gestures be-

trayed more than one of the lads and lasses.

The apples suspended from the ceiling or bobbing in the tubs were but the prelude. The big cake was passed around. Concented in the rich slices was a ring, and the one who drew it would be the first wedded. Blushing and reluctant Jeanie produced it.
James Braisfroot smiled broadly. James Braisfroot smiled broadly.
"That's a' right. Now we'll see how the
nots born. Ye'll ha'e a not wi' me, Jeanie?"
Nuts were placed upon the bars named in
pairs. If they borned together in steady
blaze matrimony was foretoid; if they pop-

ped apart, quarrels and disagreement. James' on each trial, fall he was from James' on each trial, fall he was from to be content that her blithe sister Jessie's nots showed more friendly mood.

Peggy Anderson and Will Perry cut out initials to fivat open the water as they were

blown by the breath.
"There's anither flying alongside o' mine." said James Braidfoot. "Whose mann it be?"

"These twa A's laik bonnie the gither," said Archie Watt. "One most be yours,

Anne."
Apples were peeled and the paring swung three times and thrown over the left shoulder formed the initial of the tree lover. The seeds were named and stuck in the palm of the hand; after a quick throw over the left shoulder should any one seed re-main it was that of the true mate.

main it was that of the true male.

Then three dishes were placed upon the table, one filled with clear and one with moddy water; the third empty. It was Jessie, who, blindfolded, was the first to put a plump linger into the clear water, which foretold marriage, and many a youth there coveted the right to help her fulfill the prophecy. Jeers and laughter greated those who dipped into the moddy water of widowhood, or the empty dish of the unmarried. the unmarried.
"Hoots," said Auld Christy Black, "you's

no the right Halloween wark, 'it's nowth but child's play. Do you up mind, John, hoo as Halloween I went out mysel to Davy Lang's lime kiln an' threw a ball o' yarh—it was my sin spinning, too, an' strong—do wn the pit an' began winding it. oop? I hadna wound long, when something caught it. I cried oot. 'Wha pu's?' An'

a fine dance afore that."

"Weel," said John Saunders' wife, fowks say Halloween doin's are no sensible, but I ken weel enow ther come true. I mind mysel the night I stole the saut berring an' myset the might I stole the saut herring an cooked it on the coals, then eat it with the tongs without drinkin'. A' that night I dreamed that John speered me for his wife, an' the vera next night John an' I made it oop comin' frac the kirk."

"Yes," said Mrs. Perry, "and ae night I

took some dough ben the room an' stood a' my lane, kneading it wi' my left thumb, when the door opened and Wallie walked in. He said himsel' that he had no the't e' comin' in till juist as he was pass-ing the door."
"Ye maun gang pu' the kale, at ony rate,"

"Ye mann gang pu' the kale, at ony rate," said Neili, so a nerry group trudged out to the cabbages garden and solemnly pulled the cabbages, for, as they were long or short, crooked or straight, so should the lovers be. The roots with clinging soil told of wealth, the stalks were tasted, and, bitter or sweet, so should the future be.
Volunteers were called for to go round the
bean-stack. It was Janet McLure who went out to circle three times, knowing full well that the spell she uttered would bring to her side either her lover or the deil. Somehow

side either her lover or the deil. Somehow Hector Stewart wasmissing at the time, and did not return until long after Janet had come in, the flush on her cheeks and glint in her eye belying her assertion that "There was naething there but the kye."

"Ye mann gang to sow the hempseed." said Neil. "Sarely ony lass wad gne for the sake of the lad she wad win."

"Jeanie must go." said James Braidfoot, "the specifis have telt her fair a' night. Now is the last chance, the clock is night on Now is the last chance, the clock is nigh on the stroke of twal."

Jeanle demurred for a time, but at last, taking her pail of hempseed, went out alone into the darkness. Turning aside she walked quickly down to the gate, and stood

waikei quickly down to the gate, and stood under the shadow of a great tree.

"I'll no gang doon the lane," she sald. "I ken weel Jamie "ill meet me there, an' I canna, canna bide him. Hughie! Hughie! my bonnie dead love, will you no come to me the night? Ye came to me sax years gone by—out in the hemp, sin' my heart was glad because of it. If there was ony truth in it, if your specrit could come, I ken ye wad meet me here the noo."

For a while she stood booking out upon

For a while she stood looking out upon the weird, somber night. She forget her surroundings, forget the guests within, only remembering the young sallor who was lost in the brig Dunder. She was aroused by hearing a step crunching through the

"H's James," she said. "I'll let him gang by." But the steps paused irresolutely at the gate, and Jeanie, looking up, sawatall, shok bearded stranger standing before her. "Can you tell me," he asked, hesitatingly, "If Mr. Fergusson lives hereabouts?"
"An" what may ye want wi' Maister

Fergusson?"
"We were auld friends in Scotland. How's his daughter Jeanie. She's married lang syne, I dare say?"
"Wha are you, man? Your voice is like the that o'......"

Ye are no Jeanle Fergusson "Are ye the specift o' Hughle McLane?"
"No, no; I'm no the specift. I'm Hughle himsel' an' I've found you at last after the lang, lang years. Ye were ganging to sow hempseed, Jeanie. I am ready to follow you."

low you."
Transfigured by gladness, Jeanle ushered in her lover, and time was forgotten while the hero of the hour explained the long stence and recounted his adventures. Nell Ferrusson, in large hearted sympathy, drew near to Braidfoot and attempted to condole with him in the turn affairs had taken. "Dinna fash aboot it." drawled the latter. "After a' tae my mia' Jess is far bonder and blither than Jeanle. Te ken the new hoose is maist dune, sae I specred her the night an' we had it a' made oop."

land lad.
"It is the happlest Thanksgiving dinner
I have had in many a year, my boy," she
said to him, as be cleared away the dishes
and brought out the dessert, of fragrant

coming!"

Jem turned to the window to hide some tears that would persist in squeezing themselves out of his eyes. "I wish she wouldn't be so sentimental," said he to himself, quite wrathfully. But to the widow he said: "Why, ma'am, I ain't done nothin' great; no more'n you'd have done for me, I'll bet. I sin't enjoyed a dinner so, myself, sence I